

Stephanie Says by orphan_account

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Summary:

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Billie aren't smiling anymore.

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Stephanie Says

Author's Note:

- For [BillysHardgrove](#).

Titled after "The Velvet Underground – Stephanie Says".

It was a party at Tim. Crowded rooms, full of sweaty teenagers, loud music and a lot, a *lot* of booze. Steph pulled down short denim skirt-her mom would kill her if she would ever see how short it was. But, luckily for Steph, she wasn't at home today. As she wasn't at home yesterday. And all week before that.

Actually, count is over the month already.

Dad called not so long ago, tho. Told she said hi.

Screw both of you, Steph thought, nails digging into the fisted palms, as he started to lecture her about the college essay. *Sure, dad*, she said. *Love you. Tell mom I said hi too*.

She slept in their bed in that night, perfect creamy colored pillows stained with black mascara-the only evidence of her tears in a big, empty house.

Grabbing another drink and maneuvering between the faceless mass of dancing people, she glared on the whistling boys from the basketball team, what occupied all the couch, legs spread wide and face expressions grossfully smug.

“Hey, Stevie!” Shouted Adam, getting up from his place under the overly-excited laughs of the other guys. Crossing arms over her chest, Steph wrinkled her nose as Adam came closer. Too close, actually-hot breath warmed her ear, oozing smell of the alcohol. Honestly, the only good quality of Adam was his dick. “We thought you won't show up today. You know, after Prince ditched you and got all lovey-dovey with the Byers freak bitch.”

“Don't call her that.” Steph snapped, annoyed. Yes, maybe Byers was

a freak-and maybe, *maybe*, some secret part of Steph considered her as a bitch too-but it's not like she would let other people bully the person with who they fought with monsters, saving Hawkins. Even if she stole her boyfriend. "And do me a favor, Adam-fuck the hell off."

"Not in the mood, Steph?" Chuckled he. "Maybe it would get better if you join me and other guys? We can do a lot of fun things together...to cheer you up." Adam big hand slipped lower from her waist, burning, like a molten iron. She felt their eyes on her legs, on her cleavage, on all her body-and felt like throwing up. Steph fucked with two of them, in the pre-Natt era, and heard the rumors about herself. Usually, he acted like she didn't care, ignored them, maybe slapped someone, but.

But their eyes was hungry, room was dark, and it wasn't enough of fresh air and free space around, and Steph found herself slowly slipping into the Upside Down catacombs, full of a flower-faced monsters with a dozen of sharp teeth sneering at her.

A sudden, overpowering feeling of fear what she wanted to suppress all this time and drown down in cheap punch cracked out from the carefully closed box, occupied her mind, making Steph break out from the Adam grip and take a few quick steps back, hands shaking and limbs cold, until she bumped into someone. Another arms wrapped around her, keeping Steph from the fall, and she felt like people played in hot potato with her, tossing from one to another.

Her drink fell on the floor, forgotten immediately, as Steph tried to resist to the tanned hands what holded her tigh, kicking and whirling, heart beating in her throat.

"Let me-let me go!" Her demand sounded a lot more like a plead, voice too small even to her own ears. She didn't wanted to be here. She wanted to be home, to lay in her big bed, safe and cozy, not be touched and treated like a piece of meat.

"Hey, hey, easy there, princess!" Familiar low voice shushed her, and Steph closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. "Calm down, Jeez. What got your panties in a twist today? You are all shaking."

"Don't you think what you are being *too* obsessed with my panties,

Hargrove?" Steph rolled her eyes, unamused and a little grateful. Getting her balance back, *I told you to plant your feet* playing in her head, Steph turned her face to Billie.

"Hmm..." Billie pretended to observe the accusing, making a thoughtful face. "Nah." She shuddered, carelessly, golden earrings flashing in a faint light. "Speaking of those-what color you wear today? Red? Baby blue? *Pink*? I bet it pink. With a lace and little cute bow-"

"Gosh, just give me a rest." Muttered she, probably too bitter-because Billie stormy blue eyes fell on the couch there basketball team boys sprawled out, already flirting with another girls, Steph seems to be already forgotten by them, just as spilled drink on the floor was forgotten by her.

"Are big bad boys harassing our little pretty girl?" Asked Billie, tone mocking, but face. Face serious and oddly collected, and Steph lowered her head a little, ashamed, even if it not she who should be ashamed one.

"What if so? Gonna play my knight in shining armor?"

Billie grinned, glancing at her under incredible long eyelashes with that kind of knowing look that make your cheeks flush and stomach twist. Like she knows about you more than you know about yourself.

"Is it what you want me to do, princess?" She asks with a smile, and Steph finally meet her eyes. There is a water on Steph lashes, sudden tears what she don't even bother to wipe.

Billie aren't smiling anymore.

"Yes," Steph breathes out, as honest as she wasn't all two last years. She feel lost, tired, humiliated, dumb and helpless-so, so helpless. Not just today. All the time, she feel helpless. "Yes." She repeats again, and those warm arms what was wrapped around her, disappears.

That's it, Steph thinks. This is the part there Billie is gonna laugh at her and go away, telling everybody what a wimpy bitch Stephanie Harrington is.

And Billie laughs-not as girls usually do, not soft, not pretty, not melodic. She barks in loud laughter, like a psycho. Like a boy. Steph prepares herself for sharp rude comment-but it never comes.

Instead, Billie goes straight to the Adam-blond curls bounce with every wide step-and punching him right into the face.

Just like that.

“Learn how to treat a fucking lady, fucker.” Spits she. Adam holds his nose, yelling in pain. Billie wipes her blooded knuckles of his white shirt, grimace of disgust on the gorgeous face, before grabbing him by the collar, then he starts to curse her. “Or I will have to teach you.” She says, and crowd boosts, glorifying their new leader. Hawkins High School Queen.

Then she smirks, predatory, corner of bright shiny lips curls up, as she looks back at Steph. Everyone in this room stars at Billie-but all Billie attention locked on Steph, and only on her.

Completely stunned, Steph made a breath what she didn't even knew what she holded, and made a step back, knees weak. Biting bottom lip, she blinked few times, feeling very, very drunk-and beams a wide smile, incapable to hold it, tilting her head to the side.

Billie grins in return, wild, proud, and in all teeth. With a last glare on Adam, she goes to Steph, pushing people out of the way, face shines with the victory while Steph just stands here and waits.

She feels like a damn princess. Like she's something beautiful and fragile, like she is worth to worshipping and protecting, fighting for her honor.

It's stupid, probably. But no one made her feel like that before.

“Ya happy now, m`lady?” Billie asks, raising her perfect shaped eyebrows questionly, velvet voice deep and husky. “Gonna give your knight a grateful kiss?”

“Yeah, sure.” Steph scoffed, playfully. Heart fluttered in her chest, like a wild bird in golden cage. “In your wet dreams, Hargrove.”

Something changed in Billie expression, and Steph frowned slightly, afraid what she overstepped acceptable amount of their strange flirty way of talking, but then, Billie laughs again-genuinely, in a way what makes her button-like nose scrunch. It's adorable, and Steph tries her best not to blush.

"Oh, I sure *hope* so, pretty girl." Billie purrs, and all Steph efforts crashes, as she feels heat touches her blooming cheeks. She huffs, playing smugness; yet both of them knows what she is flustered to the point there she don't know where to put her hands, long delicate fingers playing with the edge of short skirt. Billie throws an arm around her shoulder, black leather squeaking a little with the movement. She smells like beer, cheap perfume and cigarettes-mix what should be horrible, yet surprisingly pleasant. "Well then. How about to find some less crowded place and smoke a little pot with me? Party is shit anyways, and all boys are ugly as hell. Giving me fucking heebee jeebees every time they trying to pick up me."

Steph shakes her head, snorting amusedly. Boys really was ugly as hell there, tho. "Uh, thanks for your generous offer, Billie, but I think I'm fine just as that." Answers she casually-because if Billie Hargrove will find out what Steph had never smoked weed before, she will never let this topic die.

"C'mon, dollface, would be fun, I promise. Just be a bad girl as you used to be for once, Queen Steph. It's not like if I was a boy and could take advantage of you, right?"

"Well...yeah, right, but-" She tries to argue-mostly with herself.

"Great! Let's go." Billie exclaims, not even bother to listen, and Steph rolls her eyes, as she drags her to the door.

Heck, her mother are right. Steph is a pushover.

Yet, something in her chest goes all warm and mushy, and she glances at Billie with a small smile while other girl doesn't see it. Maybe, it's not that bad to have someone in charge other you-at least just for once.

“You was right, you know.” Stephanie says.

They are laying on the roof, shoulders pressed tight to each other, as a milliard of stars dancing around the full, milky-white moon above them, high in the night sky. All the awkward, nervous moments of coughing and teasing finally passed, paying for themselves, because Steph finally feels free, free, *free* .

“Huh?” Billie asks, one eyebrow lifted up. Her usually sharp expression are softened now, and she looks like a movie star. Steph thinks what she is the most beautiful person she ever saw.

“They are *pink* today.” She giggles innocently, voice quiet and excited, like she is a twelve year old schoolgirl who are sharing the most dark secret to her best friend on the break between the lessons. “Pastel pink. And, like, with all this-all this shit, y`know. Little bow and lace...”

“Jesus, Harrington.” Chuckles Billie breathlessly, pupils so wide what you barely see a bright sea blue color behind them. “You really are something else.”

“I love them.” Steph murmurs, defensively, as as if she has to justify herself for it. “They make me feel...uh, like I am good. Pretty.”

Billie stares at her for long moment, what feels like a eternity, and Steph avoids her eyes, shying away, before tan palm cups her cheek, thumb brushing pale skin. “You *are* pretty. Even in potato bag, you would be the most pretty girl, the prettiest.” Whispers Billie, and now they both stares at each other, as if they see each other by the first time. “Pretty like a fucking princess.”

Steph swallows, mouth suddenly dry. Their faces are so close, what they share one breath, and she closes her eyes, eyelashes flutter-and without thinking much, kiss Billie on the cheek, sweet, tender and gentle. Billie inhaling shaky, and she looks at Steph as like at the miracle.

“Maybe I am.” Smiles she, slyly, pressing her forehead to the Billie one. Their legs are tangled together now-short denim skirt don't hide Steph long legs, white socks under the nike sneakers, against Billies strong and curvy ones, covered in dark jeans, black boots with heels glints in the moonlight. “Maybe I am, but you, Billie Hargrove, are *beautiful*, like a damn queen.”

Billie blinked. Then, she grinned, slowly, tongue wagging in that way what makes funny things to Steph belly.

“Thanks, sweetheart.” She answered, looking at Steph foundly, fingers stroking silky brown locks now. Steph leaned to the touch, like affectionate kitten, and beamed a dorkly smile.

Billie eyes darkened.

“Hey,” Steph mewled cheerfully, after the moment of cozy silence. “I'm home alone today, parents in a business trip... Do you want to...do you want to come on the sleepover, or something?”

“*Or something*, huh.” Billie hums, predator-ish smirk on her red full lips. “Sure, Harrington, why not. Night is only started, *right?*”